

hope Star

Star of Hope, 1939; Press 1947

Consolidated January 18, 1947

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(C. E. Palmer and Alex H. Washburn)

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O. E. PALMER, President

ALEX. H. WASHBURN, Editor and Publisher

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SIDE GLANCES

By Galbraith



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Margie's the one who made the speech at our club the other night about how service men like the cold, dignified type of girl!"

Wash Tub

Interference



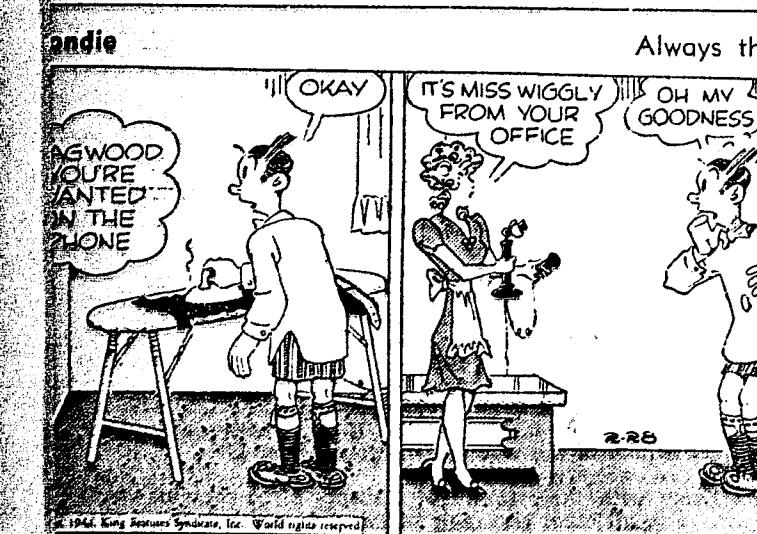
A Secret



The Last Straw



Always the Gentleman!



By Chic Young

Every Day in
Hope Star
• 14 Cartoons
• Two Serial Stories
• 20,000-Word Wire Report.

Hold Everything



2-28

"Having pipe dreams again, eh?"

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn



2-28

"Francie studied at lunch . . .

She threw her voice to the empty gallery, 'Hello, out there.'

Francie had never been back since she was there.

Francie and her angel. His name was Ben Blanke and he was an

angel to her. When Francie was sure

she would find her French exams.

"Don't be silly," he told her briskly. "You paid for the

course, you sat in class all summer and you're not a

failure. You're good naturally. You're more interested in the theater or your French?"

"Theater, of course," Francie was too.

The crowning session of Francie through. She passed

with a low grade, but she was passing. She and Ben celebrated with sodas but Francie was sad because she

wasn't going to see him until the next summer.

"I'm thinking of you," Ben said. "If you ever need

me, just call me. I'll be around—tomorrow and I'll manage to

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Every Day in
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• 14 Cartoons
• Two Serial Stories
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Hold Everything



"Get second-hand books," the boy said.

FRANCIE studied at lunch . . .

She threw her voice to the empty gallery, "Hello, out there."

FRANCIE's plan to gain college credits by attending summer classes got off to a good start. The college was located in Brooklyn Heights, another strange section of Brooklyn, New York, to her expense.

She had registered on the registration blank and assured herself, "When you get down to it, that's not lie."

The clerk took her money and Francie headed for the college bookstore. She was on her way to buy new books there when she found her old ones on the shelf.

She turned and saw a handsome, well-dressed boy.

"I'm a second-hand," he said. "Serves the same purpose."

"I'm a second-hand," she told him.

"We'll need to cram you for the final exam, then," Ben said.

"I'm thinking of him," Ben said. "If you ever need

money for any reason—tomorrow—and I manage to

(Continued on page 25)

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"Having pipe dreams again, eh?"

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She was thinking of him, and he was thinking of her.

Ben raised the curtain and turned on the footlights.

Francie threw her voice to the empty gallery.

"Hello, out there."

The traditional wedged matress was laid in the dining room, the serving table was centered with a bowl of Japanese guest calling during the afternoon were Master Jerry O'Neal, Matilda McFadden and Dorothy Ward, mother.

Francie studied hard that summer of 1917. She studied on the El and ate her meals with a book propped up behind her. Francie had never been back since before she was a guardian angel. His name was Ben Blanke and he was an good Brooklyn boy to her expense.

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